IF YOU'RE A CENTENARIAN, SATE THIS MAN, DON'T TELL OF IT.

Some Remarkable Old Men and Old Womes Whose Beath, According to His Theory, Was Brought About by Suddon Famo -Effect of Notoriety Upon Quiet Lives. "I see that my old friend Philo Goyt of May-

ville is dead," said a New York travelling man and his death adds firmpess to my determination, if I should live to be a centenarian. or a nonagenarian, or even an octogenarian, to keep that fact to myself. me years ago I became seized with a fad

for hunting up very old people, particularly centenarians. It began with my meeting with Michael Grennell, who lived near the village of Prompton, Pa., and was within a few days of 100 years old when I met him. He was a well-to-do farmer, and a sounder man, mentally or physically. I never talked with. He didn't seem to me to be more than 70, and his great age seemed to be a-matter calling for no particular expression of surprise from himself, his family, or his neighbors.

'Why,' the old gentleman said to me. 'I won't begin to think of being old for ten years ret. I feel like a youth when I think of Sally enjamin, up in Mount Pleasant. Sally was 114 years old last November, and she's spryer

"It was winter, and the snow was deep, but I drove the seventeen long and hilly miles that lay between Promoton and Mount Pleasant, to have a look at Sally Benjamin. I found her a bright, cheery, active woman, at her wheel, spinning! Spinning yarn from wool she had not only carded herself, but which she had sheared herself, the season before, from the sheep on which it grew! Spinning a yarn as fine, almost, as linen thread, and with no spectateles on to aid her sight. I have since then known and talked with people of ages ranging from 90 to 117 years, but Sarah Benjamin was the most interesting, wonderful specimen of antique humanity I ever gazed upon or listened to.

'She had been three times a widow, and was the widow of two soldiers of the Revolution-William Reed, who was killed during the war, and Aaron Osborne, who survived it. Her third husband was John Benjamin, and she had been his widow nearly forty years. She had descendants to the fifth generation. She was 86 years old when the Indian, Brandt, with his bloody warriors swept down on the border settlements of Orange county, and was one of those who escaped the tomahawk at the historic Minisink massacre. She accompanied her record husband when he calisted in the American army, joining in the marches, acting as nurse to the wounded and sick, and as camp cook, and sometimes standing guard. When the army was engaged in embarking heavy ordnance at King's Bridge, ostensibly to attack New York, then in the hands of the British, it was necessary to do it in the night, and to place sentries around to prevent discov-ery and surprise. Her husband was a sentinel, t to enable him to aid in the loading of the heavy artillery she took her place as guard. Washington himself made the rounds to examine the outposts, and noticing a woman standing as a sentinel, he exclaimed: 'Who placed you here?'

"'Them that had a right to, sir!' was the nompt reply she made to the commander. Washington, apparently well pleased with her courage and patriotism, passed on. Mrs. Benjamin, then Mrs. Osborne, went with the army to Virginia, and was at the siege of Yorktown and saw the surrender of Cornwaltis. During the battle of Yorktown she was in the thickest of the fight, carrying water to the soldiers and ministering to the wounded. Amid flying bullets and bursting shells she met Washington again.

'Young woman,' said he, 'are you not afraid among these death-dealing bullets?" "To which she replied, with grim humor:

'Bullets never cheat the gallows, sir.' "This marvellous woman's memory went back for more than 110 years, and she remembered recent happenings as well as the first impressions of her childhood and the events of her youth and later womanhood, a mental capacity of which I think there is no similar record. She had never been sick a day in her life. She had a rare and rollicking humor. and declared that not for fifty years had she felt more active in mind or body. She had yet to detect any positive symptom of sickness of the infirmities or encroachments of age. If anything should have called me to that place again five years or more from that time, I should have confidently expected to find Mrs. Benjamin still fiving and sound. And I verily believe that she would have been, too, if it

"No matter where I went about the country sons whose years were approaching the century mark. And my contact with such was so frequent that it was surprising. I made the acquaintance of so many people of sound mind who qualutance of se many people of sound mind who had reached the age of 100 and over that I can e to look on persons who were but 90 as quite youthful. Many of these aged folks were of entrancing interest, because of their writity and intelligence, but a majority of them were quite the contrary, either on account of their fanorance, tely disposition, or physical helplessness. Among the interesting ones I met was ticores in Barre of the Pacono Mountains, in Morres county, Fa., whom I found chopping cordwood ten miles from home, with his pipe in his mouth and a flask of whiskey in his pocket, and he had passed his 110th birthday. This rare old woodsman had lived among the mountains all his life. He remembered things that had happened more than a century lefore. He had chewel and smoked tobacco for ninety-live years, and drunk whiskey for more than hinety. At 20 years of age he had gone afoot through the wilderness that lay between the Belaware and the Ohio, valleys, with the intention of settling on the Onio, but had immediately turned and tramped back again to the Belaware and the Ohio, valleys, with the intention of settling on the Onio, but had immediately turned and tramped back again to the Belaware because he cound not live where there were no hills. When I saw this mountain vectors, although he was bent somewhat, here by a century's toll than by the effects of nec, he stood six feet tall, brouged like an Indian. He swung his axe with a hearty stroke, and sceined as sturdy as the oaks and pines among which his blade awoke had reached the age of 100 and over that I a hearty stroke, and seemed as sturdy as the take and pines among which his blade awoke

brouged like an Indian. He swung his axe with a hearty stroke, and scened as sturdy as the oaks and pines among which his blade awoke the ringing echoes.

"Then there was Cook St. John of Naiton, Delaware county, this State. He was 102 years old, and remembered his mother's carrying lim in his arms when the British captured Norwich, Conn., during the Revolutionary war, and flying with him to the woods to escape them. He remembered when Greenwich blaced was the water front of the North Rivor, and he worked on the wharves along that street when he was a boy. No one would have believed, judging from his appearance or action, that he was other than a remarkably well preserved man of seventy.

"On the occasion of my first meeting with Mr. St. John I found, some miles further unthe Delaware Villey, in Schoharie county, Samuel Downe, who was two years older than St. John. He was feeble in both mind and body, and had been so for eight years.

"Lewis Rockwell of Pike county assa another, and when I saw him, in his 100th year, he was preparing to wak fifteen miles to the county soat, although he had been nearly bilind for years, to act as tipstaff in court, a journey he had made four times a year ever since he was 90. Another one that I recall with great pleasure was Aunt Prudence Larkins of Delaware county, who, at 10%, was still doing her own housework, and told how, when she was 10 years old, she hid in the rocks along the Delaware fiver one lay so that she might not be carried away by a band of Indians who were passing through that country scalping the settlers and burning their cabins.

"The oldest person among the many old persons in met was Pompey Graham of Montgomers, Orange county. There was indisputable proof that he was 117 years old at the time I first saw nim. He had lived in the Mispaugh family from the day of his birth, and the first seventy years of his life he was a slave. In the wooden casing of a door in an old stone house near Montcomery, then 150 years old, I saw the mark made by the tomalawk of an I

ears old. He was a witness of the scene, and seer forgot it.
"My investigation among old people had conneced me that it wasn't any trick at all to become an octogenarian, and I never took any old of people of that age, unless there was methingly ry cytraordinary about them, ke my old friend. Capt. Moses Benner of seres, Pa., who, at the age of 83, was the other of two children that were younger than is youngest great grandchild, and his youngest great sramichild was only four years old, i that age Capt. Benner was able to put a lie ball, with his gun held offhand, and ainsued with only the ordinary sights, into a terescent three times out of five at forty lians by such ootogenarians as the Bethany With as

triplets, Mrs. Bushnell, Mrs. Lippencott, and Mrs. Campbell, with only twenty minutes bewen the ages of the oldest and the youngest, and the three, at 85 years of age, in the enjoyment of the most vigorous and robust health.

"I wrote a long account of old Mr. Brennell and Mrs. Benjamin. It was printed, and was copied widely. A year after I met old George La Barre he was written up by a special correspondent of a New York newspaper, and, according to the correspondent, he was then in the same remarkable physical and mental condition that I had found him in. After meeting Cook St. John I sen a two-column story of the centenarian to a New York newspaper. John Dean, Lewis Rockwell, Prudence Larkin, Pompey Graham, Capt. Benner, and the Bethany octogenarian triple a obtained fame in the land in the same way, through my instrumentality, direct and indirect.

"The next year after I had met old Mr. Grennell and Mrs. Benjamin i was in that vicinity again, and was aurorised to hear that both were dead, my surprise being not so much that they were dead as that Grennell had died six weeks after the time I had written him up, and the jolly Mrs. Benjamin three months later. In the course of time I heard or read of the death of George La Barre, Cook St. John, John Dean, Lewis Rockwell, Prudence Larkin, Pompey Graham, Capt. Benner, and the Bethany triplets, It was not till within a couple of years ago that, in looking over my record, the fact struck me that every one of these persons had died from within a month to three months after they had been disturbed in their obscurity by newspaper notoriety. This, among the centenarians, was narticularly marked in the case of Cook St. John. Samuel Downs, the feeble and more aged, lived two years older than that robust centenarian, had been too uninteresting a person to make a newspaper article about. St. John died.

"Ever since I made this discovery I have been careful not to bring into the public prints any centenarian, nonogenarian, or octorsnarian acquaintances I may make, for I cor

"Ever since I made this discovery I have been careful not to bring into the public prints any centenarian, nonogenarian, or octogenarian acquaintances I may make, for I consider myself in a measure responsible for shortening the lives of all of those I have mentioned, besides many others. But when I see an account in the papers of any old person who is described as sound and in every way healthy, and who hids fair to live many years, I allone keep my eye on that unfortunate old person, for I know his days will be short. The fact has been proved in every instance that has come to my notice for the past two years, but never more strikingly than in the case of Philo Goyt of Chantanqua county, who died recently at Maysville. He was within ten weeks of 105 years old, and a month before his death was as hale and hearty a man as any one could expect to see, even for one forty years his junior. A Buffale newspaper man unfortunately discovered him, crotte his story and printed his portrait. And now he is dead,

"Now, when you think of it, this is all very simple, reasonable, and natural. These aged people lived secluded, quiet lives, used to the simple routine which had become their second nature. Their wonderful existence being anddenly made known, this quiet routine was broken in upon by the delity visits of curlous and garrulous strangers, by hoods of letters, demands for photographs, autographs, and nersonal reminiscences. The current of their lives was changed. An unwholesome excitement displaced their quiet case. Their existence became unnatural, they were unable to maintain their vitality under the new and strange condition, and their dissolution was rapid and sure. That is all there is to it, and I repeat, that if I should live to be a centenarian, or a knongenarian, or even an octogenarian, or were an octogenarian, or were an octogenarian and complexities. narian, or a nonogenarian, or even an octoge-narian, I will keep it to myself."

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Why Senator Morgan Would Make Knowl edge of Them a Test for Citizenship.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.-Senator Morgan's proposed amendment to the Immigration bill requiring all immigrants to be able to read the Ten Commandments received only sixteen votes five Republicans, eight Democrats, and three Silverites.

"It is in no spirit of levity," said Senator Morgan, "that I introduce what I consider to be very much the most important feature of education into this measure, for an education on the Christian basis of the American Government is something which every man ought to have before he acquires at least the rights of citizenship by adoption of this Government. I need not enlarge upon that. I only want to disabuse any impression that possibly might arise in the minds of the Senate or the country that in the introduction of this feature of the case I have anything else than the most serious intention of making every man who comes to the test to acquire American citizenship to show before the officer, the Judge who admits him, that he knows the foundations of the Christian religion as they are taught in the Ten Commandments. If he can read the Ten Commandments in his own way. whether he pursues them or not, whether he obeys that law or not, he is that far advanced toward real civilization, and until he is advanced that far toward real civilization he has never made one step in the march in that direc-The man who has not taken that step, the man whose mind and conscience do not recognize the supreme and divine authority of the Ten Commandments as the basis of all jurisprudence and all law, has no right or

is a test which no nation in this world and no people in this world would dispense with or can

States. That is not a religious test by any

ganism which pervades all Christendom, and it is a test which no nation in this world and no people in this world would dispense with or can afford to dispense with without invoking upon themselves the destruction of the Almighty.

"So, Mr. President, with due regard to these fundamental and foundation tests in all of our legislation, the Christian Sabbath, which is observed in this country from end to end and enforced by State laws, and even by the laws of the United States Government, is one of the recognized institutions of every form of Christianity, whether Protestant or Catholic, but it is a regulation of thristianity that this nation could not and would not dispense with. There are not a thousand voters, I suppose, in the United States to-day that would strike from our Constitution and from our laws the distinct recognition of that divinely ordained day of rest. So what we may say about it makes no difference when we continually recognize in all of our social, domestic, political, national, and State relations, and relations to the laws of our country, the great underlying foundation of the Ten Commandments, for they all rest upon that. Let a man believe them as he will or practise them as he will, but let it be understood that he must know this before he can acquire citizenship in this country.

"I believe, and I believe it firmly, that if every man who comes up and upon oath accepts citizenship and naturalization at the hands of our judicial officers were required to read the Ten Commandments, though it might be the only time in a man's life when he did read them, when it is associated with that act, which changes his citizenship from one sovereign to another, that man's might be the only time in a man's life when he did read them, when it is associated with that he at least will stand in a better light, a purer atmosphere in respect to the citizenship for, Mr. President, it is a crown of glory upon the head of a man who comes here with the citizenship that we set upon the head of empay of the provide

A New and Beneficent Drink, if You Don't

Take More Than a Dozen a Day. "This is the best lime it has ever been my good fortune to handle," said Prof. Only William, as he held up a lime as big as alemon.
"It is what is known as a kid-glove lime and is a new importation from Italy. Heretofore we have been able to get all the limes we wanted right in this country and in the West indies; but the demand has become so great since rickeys were invented that Italian fruit growers have started into grow them, and from the first importation they seem to have done very well. The limes all run about the size of a lemon and have a delicious limey taste. Now, let me make you a drink with it," he continued, as he deftly cut the lime in two and squeezed as he deftly cut the lime in two and squeezed the halves into a glass. Then he put in half a teaspoonful of powdered sagar, a one-third portion of suplejack, and a two-third portion of Scotch whisker. He then filled up the tumbler with ice and shook it up in his own masterful style. Then he filled two long thin glasses with ice and strained out the decoction. He put the crushed halves of the lime into the glasses and filled them up with carlonic water. "That's what I call a winter rickey," said he. "It is the most lusclous and beneficent dring on earth, if you don't take over a dozen a day. In summer a man drinks a rickey to keep cool, while these are guaranteed to keen a man warm. The lime acts on the liver and kidneys and also adds to the digreative acids of the stomach, and that is why this drink is guaranteed so highly. The winter rickey fills the soul with delight and the heart with content."

SOME QUEER RUNS OF LUCK SEAMAN'S THREE EXTRAORDI NARY ESCAPES FROM DROWNING.

Capt. White's Luck Changed When He Billed a Cat-Unusual Series of Hands Held at Poker-A Story of the Misfor-

"I have often heard people say that they do not believe in luck," said the gray-headed, young-looking man, "and they say it in the ense of disbelieving that there is any such thing as luck. To my notion that is very much the same as if they should say that they do not believe in the weather. 1 believe it was John Oakburst who said that the only thing that le certain about luck is that it is going to change; but although the saying sounds philosophical, I am inclined to think it is inaccurate. I have known a great many men in the course of my life whose luck did not change. To illustrate this it may be enough to recall the stories that are told once in a great while about sailors who are swept overboard by the waves in a storm at sea and who are swept back on board the same vessel by the return current. The man who escapes drowning in such a way experiences one of the most extraordinary strokes of luck that can possibly occur to a human being. And it is almost inconceivable that such a thing would happen to any one man twice.

"Yet I know a man to whom it has happened three times. Capt. Lowden White of East Rockaway, Long Island, is a veteran seaman. He cannot swim a stroke, and when he is asked why he never learned, he cannot, or at least he does not give any clear answer, but turns the question with a careless 'I don't know' and a pleasant laugh. I think he is superstitious about it, as many sailors are, and certainly if anybody's experience justifies superstition, his would seem to, for, as I said, he has been washed overboard three times in the course of the forty years, and each time washed back immediately on board the vessel he had just left. And that does not include the times he has fallen or been knocked overboard and saved in some other way. I. myself, once caught him by the collar after he had fallen into the water by reason of the snapping of the bowsprit foot rope of the doop Martha, near Wreck Lend. He had rubber boots on, and the current was running like a mill race. If I had been two seconds slower he would never have come up alive. If it were a legitimate subject for a bet I would wager any reasonable sum that a man with such an experi-

ence would never be drowned. "That is what I call one of the most wonderful runs of luck that I ever heard of. And it is something of a coincidence, perhaps, that Capt. White himself is a firm believer in his own luck in other matters, though he does not talk much about his escapes from drowning. He was in his younger days fairly prosperous, and had gathered together a modest competence when he was between 40 and 50 years old. Then something happened. I hinted that he was appearatitions. What happened was that he killed a cat. That does not seem to the average man to be a very important occurrence, but the Captain firmly believes that it changed the whole course of his life.

'I had always been tucky before,' he says and I have not had a day's luck since.' And the fact is, that whereas he was formerly well to lo, he is not so now, poor man.

"I suppose everybody who plays poker believes Certainly I do, and I have seen certain things at the card table that in their way were as remarkable as the runs of a single number at coulette, that make up the pretty little romances that go out from Monte Carlo at times, and that used to be dated Baden Baden. I sat watching a game one night at a friend's house in St. Nicholas avenue, in which only intimate friends were playing, and two of them were ladies, did not join, as there were six at the table, and I don't like a game with seven in. There was absolutely nothing in the game to distinguish it from any other of the hundreds of games that go on in the family circles of up-to-date New Yorkers every night. The limit was five cents. There wasn't a player in the game who knew enough of card manipulation to deal a crooked hand, and there wasn't one there who would have done it under temptation. And, moreover, there wasn't anything like temptation.

"Yet one woman in that game held a succession of hands that would have made a fortune for an ordinarily good player if he were lucky enough to hold them in a stiff game. She had been playing with indifferent success for perhaps half an hour, and I was amusing myself by noticing her essentially feminine style of play when she began suddenly holding flushes. Five times in succession she held a flush before any special remark was made. Of course, there was the usual chatter and chaffing, but when she showed down the fifth flush in five deals, there qualification under the flag of the United was a general outburst of comment, and a confession by her that it didn't seem canny. means. It is a test that goes to the constitution

of society; it is a test which relates to that or-"'It will give me the shivery creeps if I get zanism which pervades all Christendom, and it could see that she really was nervous. That, naturally, amused me, for it was not so very extraordinary, though it was certainly unusual. "The next hand she held nothing. Then she

got a four flush and filled. Then she got a pat flush; then, drawing to the ace and king of spades, she got three more spades. The next hand was nothing, and the next was a pat flush. By this time I was excited myself, as was everybody in the game, and I made a memorandum of the last eleven hands, and began jotting down each hand as she held it. "In thirty-six consecutive hands she held

twenty-seven flushes. None of the other nine

hands held even a pair. Five of the twenty seven were put hands; nine times she drew one card, eight times she drew two three times she drew three, and twice she drew four. There seemed to be no distinction of suits. The flush was of one suit as often as another. It was absolutely impossible that there could have been trickery, for there were six dealing in turn. The lady herself was exceedingly nercited as to continue drawing for flushes, she ceased to try to play them scientifically. In-

vous about it, and although she became so excited as to continue drawing for flushes, she ceased to try to play them scientifically. Indeed, the other players ceased after a time to bet against her, and the cards were at length dealt more from curiosity than from any interest in the game as a game. At length, however, the lucky lady graw so nearly hysterical that her husband made some excuse to break up the game. I was sorry it had to be done, too, for I wanted to see how long such a run would continue, but the lady has told me since that she never, before or since, had any similar experience, though she plays frequently.

"Inever saw anything exactly similar to that, but I had a run of luck once myself that seemed to me almost as corious. I went to visit a friend and there was invited to sit down at a poker game with some men I had never met before. The fact of not knowing the other players did not worry me, for I assumed that they were all friends of Harry's, but it was not long before the fact that they did not know me began to worry ne most confoundedit, for I never had such cards in my life before, and I don't dire even to hope that I will ever hold them again. If the circumstances had been different and I could have felt free to play to win, I could have won big money, for they were playing an open game, and the limit was \$2. At first I played my hands for what they were worth, and I won more than half the pots I played for-a big percentage when six are playing. But after a little I began to worry. It seemed to me that they must mistrust me, and I healtated about betting as I ordinarily would. Still I kept winning and my pile of chips grew till I was positively ashaned of myrelf.

"Then I started to try to lose money. Fancy a man doing that at noker! I threw down a number of hands that were well worth betting on, and the rather heavily on some that was continced were losers. Even at that I got fooled once or twice and took in pots that were not contested, when they done it was petiting and two or three be

ever, one of the players drew me one side and whispered:

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"Well, I'm glad you're glad, but why should you be? I didn't exactly like it myself.

"No,' he repiled. 'I saw you didn't. But didn't you notice that the man that lost the most lost his temper also?'

"Yes.' I said, 'I did notice that.'

"Well,' he chuckled,' he is the fellow we have been trying all winter to catch.'

"That was a relief, but I never got over my regret that the easiest winnings I ever made at poker should have come when I was trying hardest to lose."

"I quite believe, as you do," said one of his listeners, 'that there is such a thing as luck, but do you think that it is affected by anything that we can possess?"

"Meaning a rabbit's foot or a child's caul, I suppose,' said the gray-headed, young-looking man with a smile. "Well, I wouldn't like to declare myself on that point, but I can tell you one more story that is true within my own knowledge. About five years ago! met a man on Broadway, whom I had formerly known as a speculator and a roving character in the West. He was a good fellow, with a reputation for being square that I had never heard questioned, and he had, when I knew him well, been unusually successful, so that he was very well off for a young man. I was therefore surprised to see that he looked very seedy. Moreover, he had a discouraged look which I had never seen on his face before.

"I questioned him, and he frankly declared that he was 'dead broke' and in trouble. He had tried New York in the house of mending matters, but had decided that his best chance was to go West again. I offered to help him, but he would not berrow more than a triffe, which he needed toward his fare to Chicago, While he tajked I noticed that he wore a small but very brilliant opal in his soart pin, and half-laughingly I asked nim if ever expected to have any luck while he wore that. It was not an expensive stone, but it was a very pretty one. He looked at me, half

FALL OF A GIANT CHESTNUT.

On It Fagan, Chief of the Jersey Pin Robbers, Swung a Century Ago. FREEHOLD, N. J., Dec. 26.-The historic Fagan

ree, a colossal chestnut on the Dutch Lane road, about a quarter of a mile from the town limite, has been cut down. From the giant chestnut the body of Jacob Fagan, one of the chiefs of the notorious Pine Robbers, who was shot in eastern Monmouth during the Revelution, was hung as a warning to evildoers,

The stump of the tree measured twenty-eight feet in circumference. The interior of the trunk had decayed until there was formed a cavity large enough to admit the body of a man. In it some boys recently kindled a fire and killed the old tree, and necessitated its being cut down. For all the years of this century the chestnut had been a prolific bearer of nuts, which, however, grew only on the limbs of one side of the tree. The barren side of it was said to be that from which Jacob Fagan's body was suspended. Near this tree, it is said, was located the gallows where thirteen of Fagan's fellow rufflans met their death at various times previous to the killing of Fagan. Past it a division of the British army fled when on its retreat after the battle of Monmouth, and in its shade died young Lieut, the Hon, Harry Courtayne, who was rounded in that engagement.

The Pine Robbers flourished during the Revoutionary war and terrorized all this section of New Jersey. They were generally Americans, chiefly Tories. The county was sparsely settled and primitive forests covered this section, which could be traversed only by circuitous saddle paths. Hence it was chosen by refugees and Tories as an asylum. From their retreats here they conducted marauding expeditions against patriots. When hard pursued the Pine Robbers would hide in caves burrowed in the sides of sandhills in the most remote recesses of the forest, the entrances to which would be concealed with brush and wild vines. Such a cave, supposed to have been used by these robbers, was discovered not long ago near the old Our House tavern on the road from Farmingdale to this place. A long time ago another cave was found in the Hominy Hills near Colt's Neck. The bandits of the pines ranged over a wide extent of territory, having regular stations at various points in the forest. From the facility with which they moved about and eluded the armed posses that sought their capture, it is believed that they were aided and abetted by

the Tories and English sympathizers. Whole families of defenceless Americans were murdered, houses and barns were plundered and burned, and crops or cattle were destroyed or stolen. Ultimately it became unsafe to go uparmed and farmers carried their muskets to the fields and even to the place of worship on Sundays. Those victims of the Pine Robbers who were not murdered were carried to the British prison ships in New York Bay and there confined as prisoners of war. Finally the United States set a price upon the heads of the outlaws, and like wild beasts they were hunted

Confined as prisoners of war. Finally the United States set a price upon the heads of the outlaws, and like wild beasts they were hunted to their lairs and slain until, at the end of the war, they had been totally eradicated.

By reason of his deeds of violence and bloodshed Jacob Fagan was the most notorious of all these robbers. One Monday late in September, 1778, he made his last raid. It was upon the house of Major Dennis, on the south bank of the Manasquan River, about four miles below Howell Mills, where was concealed some plunder from an English ship captured by Americans. Fagan was accompanied by an old accomplice, Bill Burke, and by a new member of his band named Henry Smith. The latter was a respected citizen, a stanch American, and a zealous adherent of the Revolutionary cause, who had joined Fagan and Burke for the sele purpose of betraying them into the hands of the law. When near Major Dennis's Smith persuaded the two rufflans to remain concealed in the bushes while he went forward to reconnoitre. At the house he found that Major Dennis was away and his wife and two children were alone there. Unon being informed of their dancer the daughter, Amelia, who afterward became Mrs. Corpell of Philadelphia, secreted a purse of money in a beditick, and, with her little brother, sought concealment in a near-by swamp, from which she could see all that went on near the house, where Mrs. Dennis remained alone. Scarcely had Amelia left it than the two robbers entered the house and ransacked it without finding much of value. In disappointment at their fallure one robber proposed murdering Mrs. Dennis, but the other objected, and so she was finally led out and bound to a young cedar tree. By hard struggling she freed herself and escaped. Then, catching sight of Amelia, Fagan fired a shot at her that missed the mark. Then the robbers fied.

On the following day Major Dennis removed his family under a strong military gnard to a place of safety near Shrewsbury, Smith contrived soon to inform Major Dennis of another

GATHERING AQUARIUM STOCK. How Live Fishes Are Selected and Pre-

pared for Transportation. Men experienced in gathering aquarium stock never ship fishes long distances immediately after they are caught, if it can be avoided; the mortality is almost sure to be great among stock so shipped. By whatever means a fish has been captured it is likely to have been more or less excited and it may have suffered some injury which would make it liable to attack by fungus. It is the practice when possible to place the newly caught fish in fish cars or in some newly caught fish in fish cars or in some other suitable place at or near the shore in the vicinity of where they were caught, where they may be rested for the journey, accustomed under favorable conditions to captivity, and accustomed to feeding, and where the weak or injured fishes may be weeded out.

In this way only good and sound fish are finally started, and these are started in the best possible condition. Fishes thus selected and prepared are far more likely to zet through all right, and such fishes are, of course, far more likely to survive in an aquarium.

ILY TRANSFORMED.

Story of a Slong Attempt at Trais Wrecking, an Assault on a Garrisoned Roundhouse, and Pawnee Revenge in the Early Days of Western Ballronding. "Smoky Hill was at the end of the track at that time," said the old engineer, shifting his lame foot to an easy position. "We had built a roundhouse a square one with only two stalls and a room at the back for three or four bunks and a work bench. To protect ourselves against the Sloux we had lined the house up to about five feet from the ground and filled in behind the lining wish sand, "Indians were thicker than grasshoppers in

Kansas in the days of the building of the Kan-

sas Pacific, and scarcely, a day never a weekwent by without a fight. At first they appeared to be awed by the locomotives, but in a little while their superstitious fear had vanished, and they were constantly setting lures to cap ture the big 'hoss,' as they called the engine. One day we were out at the front with a train of steel, some eight or ten miles west of the Hill. It had been snowing all'day in little fits and spits, and near nightfall the clouds became thicker and darker, and before the sun had gone down the snow was falling fast. By the time the last rall had been unloaded it was pitch dark. and as the engine was headed west, we were obliged to back up all the way to Smoky Hill. The conductor and the captain of the guard composed of Sovernment scouts, took a stand on the rearmost flat-car, and when I got a signal opened the throttle and began to poke the blunt end of the construction train into the darkness. Ordinarily I hate running backward at night, but in a case of this kind it is a real relief to know that there are a dozen or no.e well-armed soldlers between you and whatever the darkness holds. Three or four men with white lights were stationed at intervals along the tops of the ten or twelve cars that made up the train. The house car, or caboose, was next the engine, and upon the top of this car stood the foreman of the gang, and from him I was supposed to take my 'tokens.'

"We had been in motion less than ten minutes when I saw the conductor's light (we were going with the storm) stand out and follow ing this movement all the lights along the train's top pointed out over the plain, and I began to slow down. Instantly a dozen shots were fired from the darkness. Muffled by the storm, the round came as if a pack of firecrackers were going off under a dinner pail and we all knew what we had run into. 'Injuns,' shouted the fireman, leaping, across the gangway, 'and they're on my alde,' 'Keep our seat,' said I, 'they're on my side, too.' "Now all the white lights, following another

signal from the conductor, began to whirl furiously in a short circle. That was my notion precisely. If they had prepared to ditch us, we might as well go in the ditch as to remain o the tops of the cars to be picked off by the Sloux, so I opened the throttle and began to back away again as fast as possible. The Indiars had prepared to ditch our train. They had placed a great pile of cross ties upon the track, expecting that when we struck them our train would come to a dead stop. This small party which had fired upon us was the outer watch, the main band being huddled about the heap of ties where they expected us to halt, and where most of the amuseme would occur. The track was newly laid, and as billowy as a rough sea, but this was no time for careful running. The old work engin soon had the empty train going at a thirtymile gair, and then we hit the tie pile. The men on the rear car, which was now in front. had anticipated a wreck, and retired in bad order to the centre of the train. The Indians. who had only a faint notion of the power an resistance of a locomotive, stood close together made the rail and timbers so wet and slippers that when we hit the stack of wood the tler flew in all directions. Some of them wer thrown to the tops of the cars and others fler into the mob of redskins, knocking them int confusion. A fine buck, who must have been standing on the track, was picked up in the collision and landed upon the top of the second car, right at the conductor's feet. The fello was considerably stunned by the fall, and, tak ing advantage of his condition, the scouts seized and bound him with a piece of bell cord taking care to remove an ugly knife from his rawhide belt. The band was so surprised to see the train plough through the wreckage that they forzot to fire until ve had almost passed them, and a great flood of fire from the engine stack was falling among them. They then threw up their guns, those who were still on their feet, and let go at us, but none of the builets affected our party.

who were among the scouts recognized our wicked chief. When the Sloux came to him self and realized that he was a captive, he be came furious. He surged and strained at the bell rope, but in vain, and finally be gave up.

"When we had eaten our supper we all went into the round house soldiers and all- for we know the sloik would make a desperate effort the control of the state of

"Stand together," cried the captain to his men.
"Put on the blower and get her hot." I called to the freman, for I knew the frail structure could not withstann the strain much longer. As often as the flreman opened the furnace door to rake his fire, the glare of the fire box lit up the whole interior and showed three dead Sioux near the door. One of them lay across the rail, and I found myself specuating as to whether the plict of the 40 would throw him off, or whether I must run over him. Now it seemed that the whole tand had thrown Now it seemed that the whole tand had thrown

ating as to whether the pliot of the 30 would throw him off, or whether I must run over him. Now it so must that the whole hand had thrown themselves against the building, and the velling was deafening. Above it all I heard our captain shout: 'tiet ready, Frank.'

"I am ready, said I.

"All right, said he, 'shoot it to 'em' and I opened the sand valves and the throttle. I have often thought what a temptation it was for those soldiers to leap upon the engine and make their escape, but authough they all understood perfectly what was going on, not one of them took advantage of this last train out.' "Just as the Big Hoss,' moved with all her ponderous and almost irresistible weight toward the front of the building, the double door sanged toward me like the head gate of a great reservoir that is overcharged, and then I hit cm. The big doors, being forced from their hinges, tell out upon the redskins, and they were caught like rats in a trau. The pilot ploughed through them, maining and killing a score of them, and on went 49 over the safe switches, which had already been set for her before the light began. The confusion caused by the awail work of Big Hoss, which they regarded as little less than the devil, was increased when the Indians who remained unhurt, realized that the engine was making away with their chief, for he had told them how he was held a cantive 'in the belly of the big horse." All effort for the capture of the roundhouse. 'All effort for the capture of the roundhouse

how he was held a captive in the belly of the big horse.

"All effort for the capture of the roundhouse was instantly abandoned, and the Sloux, as one man, turned and ran after the locomotive. The Captain in command of the scotts, taking advantage of the contusion of his foe, and of the fact that his force was in the dark building, while the Sloux were out mon the while ened earth, quickly massed his men at the open door and began to pour a murderously wicked fire into the bailed Sloux, who, like foolish farm dogs, were classing 49 over the switches, "All the Indians who were crippled by the engine were promptly, and I thought very properly, killed by the law ee scouts, and the rest were driven away with fearful loss.

"It was a descentely risky run from Smeky Illi to Lawrence, with no running orders and due to collide with a west bound special, or an extra that might be roing out to the rescue with a trais lond of material, but the officials, fearing that something might arise which would caused us to wart to come in, I ad very wisely abandoned all trains the moment the wires went down, and so we reachest Lawrence just before day without a mishap.

"My first thought was of our captive, Bear Foot, who had made track laving dangerous business for our people for the past three or four weeks, but upon looking about I saw only four Fawnees, and concluded that the fierce fellows had killed the chief and rolled him off.

"Where's Bear Foot? I demanded.

"There, said a Pawnee, who was quietly seated upon the manhole of the encine tank, and he pointed down. During the excitement in the roundhouse at Smoky Illil, the Sloux had made a desperate effort to escape, and had been mained throughout the entire run.

"Now, it's one thing to stay in a tank that is half filled with water when the engine is in her stall, and oute another thing to inhabit a place of that kind when a loomative is making a fly run over a new track. After much time and labor had been lost lishing for the chief with a clinker hook, one of the scouts and

on him and pronounced him a good Indian."

A NEGRO'S TRIUMPH.

CY WARMAN.

From Stavery to a Lucrative Practice at New BEDFORD, Dec. 26. There died in this city a few days ago a man who, born in slavery, lived to be one of the most respected members of the Massachusetts bar.

William Henry Johnson was born in Rich-mend, Va., on July 16, 1811. His parents and another son were the property of a wealthy planter. His moster was a great horse fancier, Johnson's work was among horses, and he soon became one of his master's invorite jockeys, riding in a number of celebrated races. In his twenty-third year he made his last and most important race, in which his master won about \$50,000. The planter was so gratified that he gave Johnson \$250.

With this money Johnson determined to strike out for the North. He made a bargain with the crew of the schooner Tantury, which was loading with flour for New York, to stow away him, his mother, and brother in the foreeastle. He told his master's daughter and she gave him \$25. She believed he would be caught and made him promise not to tell what she had done for him. He and his mother got safely aboard the schooner and concealed themselves, but his brother, who was 18 years old, would t make the attempt.

When the vessel was off Sandy Hook a gale struck her and she went down, the only persons saved being the Captain and Johnson and his mother. The two stowaways stayed below as long as they dared, and then went on deck, to the astonishment of the Captain, who was cutting away the mast. Catching sight of the two he dropped his axe with a profane inquiry as to where they came from. Before they could reply a wave broke over the deck and Johnson and his mother were swept into the sea. He was a good swimmer and kept his mother affoat until they were washed upon a rock. A boat from a British ship took them from the rock and the Captain was rescued from the rigging,

Johnson worked a while on a farm at Jamaica, L. L. and then went to New York to wash dishes at the Aster House. Later he was promoted to be a waiter. One night he heard the voice of his old overseer inquiring for him at the house where he lived. He could imitate : woman's voice perfectly, and, without opening the door, he answered that Johnson lived three doors further up the street. He then nurried to John Jacob Aster, told him his predicament, and Mr. Astor shipped him on the sloop Rodman, Capt. Charles L. Wood, which made a quick passage to New Bedford.

Here Johnson began his career by carrying newspapers for the New Redford Mercury. Then he worked for Seth Russell for Sd a month, and later was a waiter at a botel.

Then he worked for Seih Russell for \$\mathbb{G}\$ a month and later was a waiter at a hotel.

Johnson was very auxious to learn to read, When he had a few minutes' leisure he would get a barrel heat, and with a piece of chalk copy on it the letters of a sign over a store door and get samebody to read it to him. Once he found the word "Henry" on his semi-circular tablet, and was much pleased to find it was nart of his own name. He became jamitor in several law offices and got more time to pursue his studies. Timothy 6, codin, thating-he could write a little, assisted him by setting copies for him. Johnson became interested in law books, and at last was a regular law student in Francis L. Porter's office, Mr. Forter explained mething to him; all he did was to saivise him what oncks to read. But Johnson went in for hard study, and he made progress rapidly.

One day teatre Marson, while in the office, learned that Johnson was a student. He asked him a few questions, and then, much to the student's surprise and pleasure, told him that he was qualified for the bar. At the next term of court the colored man was admitted to practice. This was about thirty years ago. For the remaining years of his his Johnson had a very comfortable practice. Lack of carty education was anyarent in his speech, but he made a shrewd argument to a jury and became a popular stump steaker.

In stump steator.

Robert Morris of Boston was the first colored lawyer in this country and Johnson was the second. Johnson, on account of his color, had many applications from a distance to manage suits for negroes, and be won cases in Provimany applications from a distance to manage ruits for negroes, and he won cases in Providence, Exerer. N. H., and Brooklyn, N. Y. At one time he had considerable business defending liquer ocaless in New Belfard, Hecchning crivings of the evil effects of crinking he joined a temperance society and took the total abstinence society and took the total abstinence piedge, lie then voluntarily relinguished his work for the liquer dealers. Forty-three years ago he was capiain of the Independent littles, the first colored military companies in the New Belford Common Council.

If he was married twice, and had twenty-two children. His mother died a year ago.

The Champton Swimming Hog. From the Baltimore American. ONACOER, Va., Dec. 20.—At Came Charles City

ONACORE, Va. Dec. 20.—At Care Charles City last week a luge bur swam ashore from out of the Cheapeake Play. The approaching animal was seen by a number of persons, who went down to the shore to satisfy themselves as to what it was. As soon as the log reached the shore he shore the woods. A crown starrod in pursuit, and her a time the woods rang with the noise of the chase. After a lively chase the hog was captured and taken to the retiread freight house, where it was identified as belonging to Capt, tirris A. Browne, proprietor of the Hollywood Farm, about two miles from the town. The hog is said to be a famous swimmer, and has been known to make frequent excursions in the bay. It is supposed that he lost his reconing and made for the nearest land in sight.

PEOPLE MOSTLY HONEST.

BAD BILLS FROM DELIBERATE FRAUD NOT THE RULE, Good Words for the Public from an Iceman

Only a Tenth of the Bad Debts Due to Dishonesty-Losses of the Gas Com-panies-Conditions Precions a Remedy, The statement was made some days ago, on the authority of one of the officers of the Consolidated Gas Company, that one of the obstacles in the way of cheaper gas was the tremendous loss through uncollectible bills, the sum total of which was said to amount annually to \$500,-000. Whether other companies and corporations suffer losses of equal proportions would be a most difficult matter to determine, but it is certain that there are large numbers of people who live on the interest of their debts, so to speak. To reach this delectable condition of life and to maintain themselves in it, they go to great lengths and make the life of the collector equal in joy to that of the insurance or the advertising solicitor. The butcher, the baker, the candiestick maker, all of them are victims

of these people. Now, although the number of these people in large, relatively to the whole population it is small, if the testimony of men who have deals ings with them is to be believed. To near a colector tell his woes is to be converted instantly to the belief that everybody who runs up a bill is a beat, or would be one were it not for the vigilance of the collector. But those who have to do with the results of the collector's work are more generous in their conclusions, and to hear one talk about bad bills restores one's faith in humanity. They say that men and women as a rule are honest, even though the yearly losses from bad bills in this city are enormous. The calculation is that only one-tenth of these bills, or even less than that, are caused by desire to defraud. As testimony to this effect, none better can be given than that of Secretary Reeve of the Consolidated Ice Company. More people are willing to avoid paying an ice bill than any other kind, it is said. Mr. Reeve was asked what the experience of his company had been in this direction "Well," he said, with a mournful sort of

smile, "our losses each year from bad bills are large, very large, but a very small part of them are from fraud. In fact, I might say that those that come from fraud are almost insignificant. Of course innumerable jokes have been made on the subject; but very small material often makes many jokes. It has been the experience of this company that very few people will wilfully try to beat their bills. 'Of course we don's let them get very far. It would be impossible for me to say offhand what our yearly losses are from uncollectible bills, or even to give an estimate. In the aggregate they are very large, but excepting a stray one here and there the individual bills are so small that we can't afford to force collection. You see we do not let a bill run very long. The greater part of the bills are collected weekly, and if there is any trouble about the collection we stop the supply of ice and thus protect ourselves from further losses.
"I have found that the great majority of un-

paid bills are caused by misfortune coming to the debtor. By far the greater part of our losses come from men who have started in busi-ness, with a saloon or a butcher shop, for instance, where they use large quantities of ice. They fall, and we have to suffer with the other creditors. Once in a while we ennot oftener than in any other business. With our private consumers we have little trouble. The quantity of ice that a family consumes in a week is very small, ranging from ten to twenty-five pounds a day. With the great majority of families we make collections weekly, so that none of them gets into us for very much. Of course we are constantly meeting with those that would defraud, and they are not confined to any one class. If anything, we have more trouble with the well-to-do than with the poor. The favorite trick is to run up a bill shortly before they move and then depart without leaving word of their whereabouts. But even then we very often find them out. They may order ice from another branch office, and in that way we get on to them and send around our collector. If the collector cannot get money from them and the amount is too small to go to law about, as it generally is, we stop the supply of ice. But they can generally get back again, and when a person has made up his mind to defraud the company he can generally succeed in doing so, providing he changes his place of residence often enough. But I repeat that in the majority of cases, the vast majority, losses come from the misfortunes of the debtors. People as a rule are honest and want to pay their billis, and will do no when they have the money. Of course we suffer the same, no matter what the reason is, but if this were not the case all of us would have to go out of business."

On the other hand, the gas companies are undoubtedly the greatest sufferers at the hands of those who want to get something for nothing. They claim that people, honest and upright in all else, look upon gas companies as natural and law ful prey. Among the several gas companies in the city there is no harmony; on the centrary, there is, the flercest sort of rivalry. Owing to this state of affairs there is one way to get your gas free, and by doing it discreeily there is no harmony; on the centrary there is, the neters if they wish to defraud the companies and run the chance of being handed into a police court. But with a householder it is different.

There are in this city a half dozen or more big sas companies, the Consolidated, the East ing with those that would defraud, and they are not confined to any one class. If anything,

There are in this city a half dozen or more hig

hander it is different.

There are in this city a half dozen or more higgs companies, the Consolidated, the East liver, the Mutual, the Equitable, and the Standard being the largest. In many parts of the city their mains are in the same streets. A householder is served by one of these companies and he dossn't pay his bill. Collectors come and collectors to, but the bill runs on. They protest and they threaten, but if the householder is served by one of these companies and he dossn't pay his bill. Collectors come and collectors to, but the bill runs on. They protest and they threaten, but if the householder keeps his nerve it is all in vain. He amount that the company won't shut off his gas or take out his meter so long as there is a possible chance to get the money. He also knows that, when his meter is taken out, all he has to do is to whistle and the other companies will tumble over each other in their hurry to put in a meter for him. Finally, what he knows will happen does happen. The defrauded company gets tired at last, and at the risk of losing even a bad customer takes out the meter. The next day another company puts in a meter, and so it goes on until all the companies have been exhausted. By this time, perhaps, the householder is ready to move to snother part of town. Then without any trouble he begins again. If he doesn't move, the chances are ten to one that he can get back to the old company again, for it will have taken him a year or more to exhaust his credit with the various companies, and memories of corporations are short. And what makes him doubly secure is the knowledge that the companies will not prosecute him, his bill lecing too small.

"I think," said Secretary Zolikoffer of the Consolidated Gas Company," that the estimated annual loss to the gas companies of a half million dollare may be too high. But however that may be, the fact is hot altered that our losses through non-payment of bills are outgrous. The majority of people who do not pay their gas bills are dishonest. I do not see any

Chairs as a Luxury. From the St. Louis Republic.

From the st. Louis Republic.

Most people believe that the habit of sitting down as practised by themselves is a common human habit old as the race itself, in no way associated with civilization. But Frederick Reyle, who seems to have one of those inquiring minds that are not content to accept things as they are without first tracing causes and history, contends that sitting down is an acquired habit that marks the height of civilization.

He estimates that even at the present day not more than 10 per cent, of human kind practice sitting on the European plan.

Men who do not sit have two attitudes for resting; women use one of their own. Squatting "on the heel" is favored in India and China. In this position the weight of the body fails upon the tows, and to keep the balance comfortable the arms must hang over the knees, the hands doughes. A European trussed in this manner promptly feels a pain in his calves, but he can understand that habit makes it a restful positive. In fact, the colliers of Englanu use it altegather.

The cross-legged attitude is general from Siam eastward through the Malay countries. In the jungle men crouch, the knees raised, the arms folded over them, and the chin resting on the story with the knees beat sideways, thus throwing the weight on the outer part of one civilized Caucasian.

Chairs really seem to be no more necessary to the race than planes.